Mr. Churchill's Return—*Keith Hutchison*

THE *Nation*

November 3, 1951

Down the Road to Rome

The Clerical Threat to Freedom

BY BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM

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Juan and Evita

What Will the Army Do Next?

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

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The Battle for Free Schools

II. Fear of the "Thing"

BY GOODWIN WATSON

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Wildcat into Wildfire?

Brooklyn

IS THE boom finally being lowered on Joe Ryan, boss of the East Coast International Longshoremen's Association? The strike of three small locals in South Brooklyn, called on October 15 and denounced with fury by Ryan, may mark the beginning of the end of Ryan's long reign.

At the Brooklyn army base at Fifty-ninth Street and First Avenue the morning of Wednesday, October 17, began much as usual. Civilian and military personnel, cars and trucks, passed through the main gate. Dockers gathered outside but only in loosely knit groups. One noticed, though, a large number of cops, plainclothesmen, and M. P.'s—the soldiers lined up across the street from the dockers, the New York police in closer.

The dockworkers had quit work at the five piers operated by the army the day before. The union had not approved the strike, but the men were not worried over protocol. Their action, like a walk-out by several hundred dockworkers at Manhattan's Chelsea piers, was immediately labeled a wildcat strike by Ryan. Ryan also charged that Harry Bridges, who happened to be in New York the week-end before the strike began, was responsible for getting the dockers to quit. It was a Communist plot, said King Joe. Bridges promptly denied any part in it.

The men said they had quit because Ryan had signed a contract with the shipping companies which they had not voted on and which offered them little more than a ten-cents-an-hour raise. They wanted a raise of twenty-five cents an hour, a guaranteed eight-hour day, better vacation and pension provisions, changes in the vicious shape-up system of hiring, and other things. Walking off the army-base piers was the only weapon they could use to break the strangle-hold of the Ryan machine.

By 7:55 a. m., the time for the shape-up, the loose assemblage of workers outside the gate had become a dense mass of six or seven hundred men. Three or four foremen in the no man's land between the police and the M. P.'s blew their whistles shrilly, but none of the men moved. It was apparent there would be no shape-up.

Suddenly five sound trucks drove up. On the platforms were a score or more of Ryan's henchmen, also a number of still and newsreel photographers. The Ryan men jumped from the sound trucks, walked past the cops, and started to hand out throwaways denouncing the strike. The dockworkers were not even curious. A loudspeaker blared: "This is a Commie strike, you guys! You're being used by Bridges. You haven't a thing to gain. Get back on those docks, show you're real Americans." (When these same dockers recently refused to load a shipment of Russian furs, Joe Ryan sang their praises for their stand against communism.)

This went on for an hour. But the dockers were not buying. Then a little, sallow-faced man climbed up on a truck and grabbed the mike. He wore suede shoes, immaculately pressed pants, flowered tie, new pearl-gray fedora. His only concession to the dockworkers' usual get-up was a fur-lined windbreaker.

This was Anthony (Bang-Bang) Anastasio; the family genealogy may be found in the reports of the Kefauver committee. Citing Ryan as his authority, Anastasio ordered the men back to work. "C'mon, shape up!" he yelled several times. At his signal some of the goons moved among the dockers and tried to talk them into forming work gangs. Anastasio then started to wave the flag: "Them G. I.'s in Korea. They need these goods. Whatcha gonna do? Stab 'em in the back?"

The men refused to budge. Instead, their determination seemed to harden with each phony appeal. They knew that no war cargo was being shipped at the moment. The statement of Colonel I. S. Littell, operations chief at the base, confirms this: "The situation is not urgent, as of now. We have five ships tied up, but we can move them to other ports if we have to."

Anastasio then tried to run strike-breakers through the pier entrance, without success. It took the unexpected action of one Salvadore "Toto" Brocco to break the jam that resulted and to get the men moving toward the docks. Pretending to bargain with Anastasio, Brocco yelled over the mike that the men would go back to work if Anastasio would call off his strike-breakers. This did the trick, temporarily. Lacking vigorous leadership, the men drifted back to the piers to load, not shells or artillery, but two thousand tons of potatoes!

But after lunch, when the men had read the afternoon papers, they quit again, and for keeps. Anastasio, it appeared, was a hero and a patriot, and they were laggards or worse. They will stay out now until they are offered a decent contract and have a chance to vote on it. They are fighting mad and are choosing rank-and-filers to lead the revolt against Ryan, which may spread to Philadelphia and other Atlantic ports.

Brooklyn waterfront cops who know these dockworkers—know them from years of activity among them—say that the strike seems to be a genuine revolt from below. They agree that the wildcat could become a wildfire; but will it? The men's cool defiance of Anastasio indicates that whether the strike succeeds or not, the Ryan machine will have trouble from now on. Murray Kempton of the New York *Post* recently reported a longshoreman as saying, "Every pier that's still working is protected by a gangster." "This is the simple truth," Kempton added, "and even that protection does not work."

SID B. DWORAN

In Early Issues

Cynics and Feeble Good Men
By H. H. Wilson

An analysis of the report of the Committee on Ethics in Government, under the chairmanship of Senator Paul Douglas.

The Public Image of Big Business
By Reinhard Bendix

Public attitudes toward big business as revealed by a research project of the University of Michigan financed by a $50,000 grant from General Motors.

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THOUGH THE TRUCE TALKS AT PANMUNJOM are being carried on to the accompaniment of intensified air battles over North Korea, a note of hope continues to dominate the dispatches. This arises from one fact: the Communists have abandoned their former stubborn demand for a cease-fire on the Thirty-eighth Parallel and have agreed that an armistice line should be "related to current battle positions." It is a major concession which would seem to rule out a breakdown of negotiations over the exact course the line should follow. The U. N. representatives have, to be sure, taken a tougher position. They insist that the line they have proposed is based upon "military principle" and not subject to bargaining. But they have announced that certain "refinements" of this line could be considered, and have also dropped their old demand for an extended neutralized area in the north. Both sides now admit that the area of disagreement is small. If a stalemate should develop at this stage it would be bitterly resented on both sides—not least in the United States and among the other nations supporting the U. N. fight. Under existing circumstances a cease-fire could, we believe, be promptly arranged if the Communists were sure that the truce line would not affect the political boundary between North and South Korea. The Thirty-eighth Parallel is sometimes dismissed as an "artificial" frontier. Artificial it was, but it had enough validity in the eyes of the U. N. so that its violation by North Korean troops in June, 1950, was considered an aggression serious enough to justify military sanctions. Since unification of the country by force of arms has proved impossible, the parallel will be the only logical dividing line once the shooting stops. If unification is to be brought about, it will be done later and, as Secretary Acheson suggested, by political rather than military means.

*

"SOME OF ADENAUER'S BEST FRIENDS ARE—" was the headlined reaction of one New York newspaper to the West German Chancellor's statement on the question of German restitution to Jews. And not without reason, for the Adenauer declaration—though obviously opening the door for genuine consideration by the German people of the material as well as the moral debt they owe the Jews of the world—contained oblique references to the limits of the "German ability . . . to pay," because of their own war refugees. The Chancellor talked too much of *future* provisions to punish practitioners of anti-Semitism and of "psychological education" for the "great majority of the German people [who] abhorred the crimes committed against the Jews and had no part in them." Representatives of major Jewish organizations throughout the world have met in New York recently under the sponsorship of the Jewish Agency for Palestine to discuss the whole restitution problem and to urge the Bonn Parliament to take action. In recent months Israel has laid before the occupying powers of Germany a claim for $1,500,000,000 based on the cost to Israel of giving haven to more than 500,000 surviving victims of the Hitler terror. Six million Jews were killed by Nazi Germany—no amount of material reparation can compensate for this atrocity. If Bonn's sentiments were implemented, said Kurt Grossman, one-time Secretary-General of the German League for Human Rights, "the civilized world may witness a great victory for the undying forces of humanity."

*

WILLIAM REMINGTON'S NEW INDICTMENT on five counts of perjury is a mean, vengeful, and subversive act. A few days before the indictment was returned Remington had petitioned the Supreme Court to order the dismissal of the original indictment. To return a new indictment while this petition was pending was a maneuver meanly calculated to make it difficult if not impossible for the Supreme Court to grant the petition. Remington had not yet been finally acquitted or convicted of the original charge; hence to return a new indictment while the old charge was still pending was a vengeful act. It was also an act calculated to undermine basic precepts of Anglo-American criminal justice. Occasionally indictments have been returned against defendants for perjury arising out of testimony given at the trial, but in most cases it will be found that the defendant had been acquitted of the original charge and that the testimony related to a collateral phase of the prosecution. If the testimony of the defendant goes to the essence of the original charge, then the government

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is ordinarily estopped from returning an indictment for perjury if the defendant is acquitted. If the defendant is convicted, then an indictment for perjury might well be subject to a plea of double jeopardy. This new indictment, if it stands as a precedent, will make it highly perilous for any defendant to testify in a criminal case. Even if the defendant is acquitted, he may be indicted for perjury. On the other hand, if he has testified and been convicted, it would then become the prosecutor's duty to indict him for perjury since the inference would be that he had lied. In this case, the prosecution obviously feels that it cannot prove the original charge of perjury against Remington arising out of a denial of membership in the Communist Party, since the new indictment relates to other items of testimony given at the trial. The indictment is further evidence of the disintegration of probity that has beset the Department of Justice in all matters related to the great crusade against "communism." For the department apparently takes the position that all the rules can be set aside in cases of this kind.

*

A NOTABLE FACULTY REVOLT HAS BROKEN out at the 258-year-old College of William and Mary in Virginia. Earlier this fall Dr. John E. Pomfret resigned as president when the Board of Visitors criticized his handling of a football scandal which involved tampering with high-school transcripts by members of the athletic department. The faculty then issued what is now known as the "Williamsburg Manifesto," in which they pointed out that an ambitious football program was "obscuring and corrupting" the educational role of the college. With a student body of 1,600, William and Mary was playing teams from large state universities, with the result that the athletic program had "sapped the academic standards of the college, tarnished the bright tradition of the honor system, and weakened the moral fiber of the college and its students and alumni." The Board of Visitors retaliated by selecting Rear Admiral Alvin Duke Chandler to succeed President Pomfret without consulting the faculty.

*

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE APPOINTMENT was announced, the faculty met for four hours behind closed doors and emerged with a resolution, adopted unanimously, which charged that the Board of Visitors had violated the "accepted academic practice and the traditions of the college." Five minutes before Admiral Chandler took the oath of office, Dr. Nelson Marshall, dean of the college, submitted his resignation in protest against the manner in which the new president had been selected. The issue is one which today echoes throughout the American educational system: do boards of education and boards of regents "run" educational institu-

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tions, or are faculties to be consulted on programs and policy, matters of general administration, and the selection of personnel? And beneath this issue is another: are democratic practices being undermined in America's schools as part of an attempt to undermine democracy in America? What is there about the problems facing American education that seems to require the selection of rear admirals and generals as presidents of colleges and universities? The series of articles which Dr. Theodore Brameld has edited for *The Nation*—the second of which appears in this issue—suggests some of the answers to these questions.

*

ANOTHER CHAPTER HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN the never-ending Los Angeles Board of Education scandal (see *The Nation* of May 26 and October 13). As previously reported, three members of the Board of Education have been accused by the grand jury of wilful misconduct in office as a result of charges first aired by Mrs. Ione Swan, a Los Angeles school teacher who was thereupon dismissed by the board for "insubordinate" action. Now a fourth member of the board has been indicted on three felony counts for having approved contracts to business concerns in which he had an interest, and the fifth member, and president, has just resigned. Although Mrs. Swan could not have won a more complete vindication, she has yet to be restored to her teaching position. The scandal is not without general interest apart from the engaging story of Mrs. Swan's courageous fight. Each chapter has shown with increasing fulness of detail that the members of the board saw nothing whatever improper in doing a little business "on the side," as board members, with concerns in which they had an interest. The law was explicit, but it seems to have been unanimously and most enthusiastically disregarded. Groups in the community which have long "bossed" the school board—which in fact elected this particular board—could not have been unaware of this large-scale trafficking in trucking contracts, ice-cream contracts, insurance contracts, and the like, but there is no evidence that any of the business men involved indignantly rejected offers of "influence" or reported these offers to the authorities. It is unfortunate, therefore, that attention must be focused on the erring board members. Their removal and the election of new board members may "restore confidence" but will not create a social ethic where none now exists.

*

NATION READERS WILL BE INTERESTED TO learn that Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, and the other defendants in the libel action brought by Emmet Lavery (see *The Nation* of September 22) have decided not to appeal the case. Recently the defendants paid damages and costs to Mr. Lavery in the amount of $32,357.

Mr. Churchill's Return

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

WINSTON CHURCHILL has achieved his ambition, but he has not won the victory for which he hoped. No great wave of popular enthusiasm has swept him back into office, consoling him for the defeat he suffered in 1945. On the contrary, he has squeezed in with a parliamentary majority much too small for comfort even with the qualified support promised by the handful of surviving Liberals.

It was the disintegration of the Liberal Party that tipped the scales toward the Tories. Lacking candidates of their own in five out of six constituencies, many, though by no means all, Liberals heeded the influential voice of the Manchester *Guardian* and voted Tory. As a result, small Labor majorities in a number of marginal constituencies were converted into small Tory majorities. But the energetic and well-organized campaign of the Tory Party failed to erode the massive core of Labor support. Handicapped as it was by the unimpressive record of the Attlee government during the last eighteen months, by the setbacks in the Near East, and by the unpopularity that any administration accumulates in a long period of office, the Labor Party polled more votes than ever before and received a slightly greater proportion of the total than the Tories.

Thus Mr. Churchill, who since February, 1950, has lost no opportunity of reminding Mr. Attlee that his was a "minority" government, will himself preside to his chagrin over a minority government. Now he must expect to have his argument that such an administration has no moral right to undertake controversial legislation thrown back in his teeth.

With his small majority Mr. Churchill is bound to experience difficulty in reconciling the conflicting interests of his own supporters and the ambiguities of the Tory election program. The men who form the backbone of his party—the country squires, the business men, big and little—will certainly expect lower taxes and a relaxation of controls. The white-collar masses of suburbia will be looking for a reduction of the austerity which, they have been taught to believe, has been imposed on them by socialist "spite." But the economic facts which face the new government point toward more austerity; if the defense program is to be carried out and Britain's balance of payments restored, total civilian consumption must be cut down.

This objective might be achieved by reducing or abolishing food and rent subsidies and economizing on the social services. Such measures would mean breaking Tory election promises, but Mr. Churchill might claim that the situation is so desperate that he must postpone redemption of some or all of his pledges. A more practical difficulty is that, since the abolition of subsidies would

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raise the cost of living, the unions would demand compensatory increases in wages, thus giving a new twist to the inflationary spiral. That is why the proponents of "disinflation" insist that simultaneously with cutting down expenditure the government should restrict credit and restrain investment creating enough unemployment to discourage new wage demands. But such a step would embitter organized workers and hand a potent propaganda argument to the Labor opposition.

Since the dangers of the developing British economic crisis can hardly be exaggerated, Mr. Churchill can legitimately ask for sacrifices. But he cannot expect a ready and cooperative response unless he adopts Labor's principle of "fair shares," at which hitherto he has scoffed as amounting to "an equal sharing of miseries." He cannot load the costs of rearmament on the working classes while affording relief to well-to-do taxpayers and handing the steel industry back to private enterprise so that it can reap a harvest of rearmament profits. Yet if he does not appease his hungry followers, they may pull him down as they pulled down his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, in 1886 when he sought to reform the tax structure by introducing the principle of ability to pay.

When the Tory Party claimed that Britain's troubles were solely due to socialist mismanagement and that private enterprise would provide a safe and certain cure, it dug a pit in which it is likely to be trapped now that it has returned to power. While it is struggling to get out, the strong Labor opposition will not lack opportunities for effective attack. But Labor cannot afford to take a negative position while it waits for the pendulum to swing its way. If it is to counter capitalist solutions for current problems, it must heal the breach in its own ranks and find unity in working out new socialist solutions. The success of the Bevanites at the polls shows that Labor has much to gain and little to lose by boldness. But it must be an informed boldness which grapples with Britain's precarious economic position more realistically and positively than the Bevanites have done so far. Even without the additional burden of rearmament, Britain will be hard pressed to maintain its accustomed standard of living. It has exhausted its reserves of fat and must live on its wits. That requires, above all else, an increase in productive efficiency, and the paramount task of the Labor Party is to find ways of achieving this end that are consonant with social democracy.

Down the Road to Rome

BY BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM

THE appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican has driven a divisive wedge into our national life. Political reaction to this appointment may well determine the 1952 elections. The American people will not be led down the road to Rome.

There are 50,089,868 members of Protestant churches in the United States. If Protestants used the same method of counting members as does the Roman Catholic church, the figure would be between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000 persons. The Southern Baptists report 7,079,889 members. There are 8,935,647 Methodists, almost 3,500,000 of whom reside in Southern states. Nearly every major Protestant group in the nation has taken official action opposing any kind of diplomatic relationship with the Vatican. Protestants will fight the confirmation of General Clark and, if needs be, will carry this issue to the American people for final decision.

The President assured Protestant leaders that he had inherited the Myron Taylor arrangement, that he regarded it as a temporary expedient to enable him to make his fullest contribution to the peace, and that it would be ended at an early date, certainly with the signing of the peace treaty. He told one of the most influential religious leaders of the nation in the early summer that the issue of an ambassador to the Vatican was dead. He told another leader that as long as he was President there would never be an ambassador to the Vatican. Protestantism is shocked and outraged by this un-American announcement, and is determined to take the steps necessary to preserve the American principle of the separation of church and state.

The road to Rome leads to clericalism. Hierarchies are characterized by lust for power, property, and prestige. Clericalism is "the pursuit of power, especially political power, by a religious hierarchy, carried on by secular methods and for purposes of social domination." Protestants are resolved that clericalism shall not take root in this land and that their own freedom shall not be placed in jeopardy.

The road to Rome leads to special privilege for the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Pope Leo XIII said, "It is not lawful for the state to hold in equal favor . . . different kinds of religion." That statement is subversive of a basic American principle. The American people are opposed to their government's playing religious favorites. Roman Catholic laymen, reared in the free traditions of the United States, will join their Protestant fellow-citizens

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in repudiating the attempts of the hierarchy to win special privilege. Laymen throughout the Roman Catholic world are becoming restive. In October of this year one thousand delegates from five continents assembled in Rome at the World Congress of the Apostolate of the Laity. At that assembly a demand for "the emancipation of the laity" was made. The Pope, plainly irritated, rejected the proposal, and announced that the laity must continue to be subordinate to the hierarchy. He said, "The expression 'emancipation of the laity' is hardly pleasing to us; it has rather an unpleasant sound." Absolute rulers, clerical as well as civil, have always regarded demands for democracy as "an unpleasant sound."

But Protestants believe in the free man in the free society, and have therefore built their ecclesiastical structures on democratic bases. Protestant bishops and officials are elected by the people. Protestant church law is enacted by the people. Protestant church property is owned by the people. Protestant accounts are audited and reported to the people. Protestants, consequently, see the Vatican issue against a background of a clerical threat to freedom.

THE American people will not travel the road to Rome. They know the Pope does not derive his influence and power from his status as the sovereign of the Vatican state. The Pope derives his influence and power from his status as the head of the Roman Catholic church. It is impossible to distinguish between Pacelli the prelate and Pacelli the politician. The head of the Roman Catholic church is Pacelli the Pope; and the head of the Vatican State is Pacelli the King. The church struggles to advance the interests of the state, and the state labors to further the schemes of the church. To deal with one is, in fact, to deal with the other. No amount of casuistical camouflage can conceal the fact that when the United States government sends an ambassador to the Vatican, it is actually sending a representative to the Roman Catholic church.

The road to Rome leads to political deals with the Roman Catholic Pope. The late Archbishop Ryan, Roman Catholic archbishop in Omaha, in advocating diplomatic relations with the Vatican, wrote:

> Though conscious of the religious power of the Pope, head of the Catholic church, we have chosen to remain blind to the political power of the Pope who is king. But is it the part of wisdom not to recognize the papacy for what it is, despite any religious feeling to the contrary? . . . The diplomatic history of modern Europe presents few, if any, examples of completely unselfish relationships between nations. When nations act, they proceed on the well-known lines of *quid pro quo*. It is patently absurd to assume that Germany, France, and England now recognize the Vatican state for any high motives of Christian charity. If they give something, they expect something in return.

Precisely! What did Hitler and Mussolini get in return? What do Franco and Perón get in return? There are those who see in General Clark's appointment a sorry political deal, with the coming elections and the city vote in mind. Others hold that the President bowed to the demands of the military, particularly those of the Central Intelligence Agency under General Bedell Smith. It is alleged that the military want the information the Vatican is supposed to possess. It would appear that a Pope really interested in fighting communism would offer all the resources at his command without exacting a price. In this case it is alleged that the information was refused unless the price were paid, namely, the appointment of an ambassador. If the latter explanation of the President's action is correct, the American people must consider the implications of the act. Does this mean that priests are to be regarded as spies who must report secret information to their superiors, who in turn send it up through channels to Rome? Patriotic American priests will resent the position in which the appointment of an ambassador places them. It must be self-evident that the information even an ambassador receives is information the Pope is willing to release. When this was pointed out to the President, he said, referring to the Pope, "Well, he doesn't get anything out of me that I don't want him to have."

The road to Rome is also a road to Washington. The appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican gives the Roman Catholic church a privileged status in the United States, since the papal nuncio from the Vatican who would travel from Rome to Washington would, after a time, become the senior member of the diplomatic corps. He would have access to the officials of the United States government denied the church leaders of the nation. His sacerdotal robes would grace the affairs of state.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy is not content with spiritual power. It demands temporal power. The present Pope bargained with Mussolini and got a few acres of land and sovereign right thereto. The so-called state is a subterfuge. It is the church in politics. It is the repudiation of the American conception of separation of church and state. Is this church which insists upon being a church and a state to become a member of the United Nations? Are Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists, and other religionists to set up so-called states and likewise to become members of the United Nations?

The President would have the American people believe that this step was taken as a part of the fight against communism. The President knows that the Roman Catholic countries do not stand as the great barrier to Communist expansion. On the contrary, the Protestant nations with the Protestant emphasis upon freedom are the nations

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that have not been seriously infiltrated by communism. The road to Rome leads to an alliance with a church that is itself, as a vast landholder, allied with the reaction in Europe that has often stood against the reform necessary to establish the free society. The opposition of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to land reform and to social change in the interest of democracy has been a major cause of Communist growth in Europe. The American people will not walk down the Roman road. They prefer the American way.

Texas Oil on Troubled Air Waves

BY PAUL HUSSERL

HALF-BURIED under Broadway gossip in a recent column by Leonard Lyons in the New York *Post* was this paragraph:

> WMCA was to have signed a contract yesterday linking the station to Liberty Network. The deal is off now, because WMCA disapproved of the network's backer, Roy Cullen of Texas, who has a peculiar attitude about N. Y. residents.

The reference is to Hugh Roy Cullen of Houston, who was once quoted by *Time* as saying that "a bunch of New York Jews" were trying to run his city. An oil wildcatter, Cullen is one of the richest men in Texas; estimates of his fortune run as high as $250,000,000. He is a fervent MacArthur man, an all-out Dixiecrat, and a coalitionist. On August 3 Cullen purchased an important interest in Liberty Network. Considering what followed, it is time that some light was shed on Liberty Network, with particular reference to its anointing with oil by Mr. Cullen.

Hugh Roy Cullen

Liberty's phenomenal growth has been accomplished in the short span of three years and in a publicity vacuum so deliberately arranged that the network's very existence is news to most people. It was founded by an ambitious young sports broadcaster named Gordon McLendon, who had the bright idea that big-league baseball was not getting sufficient coverage in rural areas. The idea paid off almost from the start. Backed by his father's money—oil and automobiles—McLendon sank $30,000 in a tiny station in the implausible town of Palestine, Texas. From there he branched out to Houston and Dallas, going on the air a few hours each day with improvised play-by-play accounts of big-league games relayed to him by teletype and embellished with sound effects to provide color and realism.

The baseball broadcasts were parlayed into big business almost overnight. Liberty soon expanded from a six- to a sixteen-hours-a-day network. By the end of 1950 it had become second in size among the five major networks, with 431 outlets in 43 states, Hawaii, Alaska, and Japan. In fact, the network expanded so rapidly that McLendon had to seek outside capital. Just how big a slice of it Cullen bought with his million-dollar investment is a detail which McLendon is not inclined to divulge, but he does say that it is a "minority interest" and that he retains 50 per cent of the stock.

Although Liberty's chief interest has always been its backwoods baseball fans, it soon acquired a group of topflight news commentators, including Raymond Gram Swing, William Shirer, and John Vandercook, who apparently enjoyed the solid favor of McLendon. But the moment Cullen bought in as a "silent partner" this rosy picture faded like an old soldier. John T. Flynn was installed as the network's new arbiter of public enlightenment. Swing had already left to join the Voice of America; Shirer promptly resigned. Vandercook is staying on—he is under contract—but Flynn is now in charge of news broadcasts and has set up a network news bureau to service member stations. His official mission is to make certain the news is no longer given what he calls a "leftist" slant.

The trouble is that Mr. Flynn has moved so far to the right since the days when he was a left-of-center columnist for the *New Republic* that "left" has for him become a term of most ambiguous reference; he seems to feel, for example, that liberalism, not communism, is the real danger. On a recent coast-to-coast broadcast he was presented by the Sons of the American Revolution with a gold medal in honor of his "defense of the American heritage of freedom." Previous winners of the award include General Douglas MacArthur, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Senator Pat McCarran. One witness of the presentation of the award was former Senator Albert J.

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Hawkes of New Jersey, who like Cullen is one of the original G. O. P.-Dixiecrat coalitionists. Last month Mr. Flynn had an article in *Reader's Digest*—Who Owns Your Child's Mind?—which attacked a number of American educators, including Dr. Harold Rugg. The article figured in the extraordinary campaign waged by Senator John W. Bricker, a trustee of Ohio State University, and the Wolf newspapers—*Ohio State Journal* and Columbus *Dispatch*—to impose a censorship on speakers at Ohio State. Bowing to the pressure, Governor Frank J. Lausche asked the trustees to "check into" the circumstances surrounding Dr. Rugg's appearance as a speaker at the university. Ohio State now has official "secret screening machinery" for speakers.

One of the stations that will have the benefit of Mr. Flynn's protection against "leftist" slanted news is WCFL, the American Federation of Labor's 50,000-watt outlet in Chicago. Liberty still has no New York affiliate but is dickering to get one. So far, its negotiations with WMCA and WMGM have not borne fruit. The network has solid coverage in the South and West, directed from its home office, which is still in Dallas.

In fairness to McLendon it should be said that Liberty has not wholly succumbed to the Cullen-Flynn axis. John Vandercook maintains that he is still "free and uncensored," and McLendon professes not to understand what is meant by "the new set-up" under Flynn. There is no question of McLendon's sincerity, but the fact that John T. Flynn is director of news certainly indicates that a new set-up exists.

No approval of Cullen's purchase of an interest in Liberty was required under FCC regulations, since the network does not hold licenses to the stations it serves. But the purchase gives point to a case which the FCC now has under consideration. On June 14 the trial examiner who had heard the evidence in the application of WGAR in Cleveland, WJR in Detroit, and KMPC in Los Angeles for renewal of licenses recommended that the proceedings be dropped on the ground that the death of George Richards, owner of the stations, had made the issues "moot." The issues had to do, it will be recalled, with written instructions that Richards gave news commentators on how to handle his pet "peeves," which included New Dealers, the Jews, Henry Wallace, the Roosevelt family, and so on. In the public interest the FCC should reject the recommendation of its trial examiner and proceed to pass upon the important issues raised in the Richards case.

THE BATTLE FOR FREE SCHOOLS

Teachers and the "Thing"

BY GOODWIN WATSON

IN ENGLEWOOD and Pasadena, in Minneapolis and Montclair, and in hundreds of other cities and towns, pressure groups have been fencing in the minds of teachers and pupils. Parents, teachers, and school-board members, deeply concerned over high tension abroad and low morals at home, suspect that something is wrong. Before we throw out "progressive education" and plump for thought-control, however, let us take another long look at our democratic values and at our anxiety-producing mechanisms.

Something has us scared, all right, but what is it? Is our present fear of communism a rational and appropriate reaction? Do book-banning, teacher-firing, and loyalty oaths constitute parts of an intelligent defense of democratic education, or are they symptomatic of unhealthy anxiety arising from obscure, even unconscious sources? The phrase "witch hunt" brings echoes of numerous sad occasions in history, when fanatics, thinking themselves moved by the highest ideals, gave cruel expression to their fear of some *Thing*—dark, mysterious, and evil.

The historical principles of our democracy as interpreted by leading statesmen and educators are clearly on the side of educational freedom and against prescribed conformity. When, in 1949, Fulton Lewis, Jr., asked his listeners to deluge Harvard University with protests against having permitted Communist Gerhart Eisler to speak on that campus, Dean Wilbur J. Bender replied:

> There is no danger from an open Communist which is half as great as the danger from those who would destroy freedom in the name of freedom. . . . I devoutly hope that the time will never come when we are faced with the sorry spectacle of a great university and a great country trembling timorously in fear of the words of a Communist or of a demagogic commentator.

At about the same time the Broyles Commission, a little un-American-activities project of the Illinois legislature, summoned Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor

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of the University of Chicago, to an inquiry into "subversive" activities there. In his testimony Mr. Hutchins said:

> It is now fashionable to call anybody with whom you disagree a Communist or a fellow-traveler. . . .
>
> One who criticizes the foreign policy of the United States, or the draft, or the Atlantic Pact, or who believes that our military establishment is too expensive can be called a fellow-traveler, for the Russians are of the same opinion. One who thinks that there are too many slums and too much lynching in America can be called a fellow-traveler, for the Russians say the same. . . .
>
> The danger to our institutions is not from the tiny minority who do not believe in them. It is from those who would mistakenly repress the free spirit upon which those institutions are built. The miasma of thought-control that is now spreading over the country is the greatest menace to the United States since Hitler.

The American Association of University Professors has recently reaffirmed its position in accord with the tradition of Milton, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Jefferson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Like the American Civil Liberties Union, the A. A. U. P. asks that teachers be judged individually on the basis of their competence. E. B. White of the *New Yorker*, commenting on the dismissals at the University of Washington, expressed the same view succinctly: "We believe teachers should be fired, not in blocks of three for political wrongness, but in blocks of one for unfitness."

Beneath these declarations lies a faith in educational freedom, not as any special privilege for teachers, but as a foundation for democratic citizenship and for intelligent progress. The rising generation must not be bound by the limited view of its predecessors. Students, as prospective citizens, need a fair presentation of all sides of controversial issues, together with practice in critical thinking and balanced judgment.

THESE admirable ideals stand out against a dark and ever-worsening background of restriction, censorship, and intimidation. Valuable publications have been banned from classrooms because controversial views were presented. Teachers have been fired and many more have been warned because of alleged radicalism. Special loyalty oaths are required or are under consideration in a dozen states. Distinguished scholars, invited to teach in colleges in the United States, have run up against immigration barriers.

But the well-publicized cases are few in comparison with the many obscure teachers caught by a stern checkrein. One college lost the support of its most prominent trustee because the political-science professor encouraged his students to "meddle" in a non-partisan campaign to encourage everyone to vote. One high-school teacher lost his job because of what was regarded as a "too favorable" presentation of the TVA; another got into hot water because he recommended consumer testing of advertised products. A public-school history teacher in a Louisiana parish was surprised to discover that the Reformation had to be omitted from the course of study. The Catholic principal of a public elementary school in Westchester County, New York, in his May Day (1951) radio address to all teachers and children, warned them that while Communists may be hard to identify, a sure sign is disbelief in God. Teachers have found themselves in trouble because they showed the film "Human Growth"—a scientific presentation by educational officials in Oregon—or made other mild approaches to much-needed sex education. A beginning teacher in Colorado was warned that her plan to focus the study of intercultural brotherhood on Spanish-speaking Americans should be dropped because in that region the problem was "too controversial."

A Civil Liberties Union survey of thirty-three college campuses on Civil Rights Day (December 15, 1950) discovered infringements on more than half. Kalman Siegel reported in the New York *Times* (June, 1951) on a survey of seventy-two colleges. He found "a reluctance to speak out on controversial issues in and out of class," "neglect of humanitarian causes because they may be suspect in the minds of politically unsophisticated officials," and "shying away from an association with the words 'liberal,' 'peace,' and 'freedom'." The victims who have suffered most from the current retreat from freedom are the millions of pupils now being instructed in only the obvious by teachers playing safe.

The growing discrepancy between the ringing statements of democratic ideology and the actual curbs on educational freedom is in part the work of reactionaries frightened by an unprecedented rate of change. The "super-patriotic" organizations listed in Morris Mitchell's article last week promote the illusion that if only all "subversive" influences could be purged from the schools, then the accelerating world-wide social revolution of the twentieth century would prove only a bad dream. The faith of these critics of public education in the power of a single radical teacher or pamphlet to malform the minds of pupils in an entire school and community would be touching were it not so ludicrous. Experienced teachers know only too well how little impression their persistent efforts usually make, even when supported by home, church, and community. The social attitudes of most children and adolescents seem to be formed by neighborhood peer groups rather than by classroom or pulpit.

Zoll and other neo-fascists, however, would get nowhere were it not for a popular response; this is the truly disturbing symptom. Distrust of freedom has become endemic in this era of crisis and infects teachers as well as business men. Most teachers have never dared venture to the end of their tether; many are unaware that curbs exist.

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The attacks on educational freedom are for the most part directed at non-Communists, but it is the tension of a world polarized between the Kremlin and the Pentagon which provides the rationalization and the dynamic. Any innovation—be it free kindergartens or adult forums —may now be shunned as having some "communistic" aspect. All educational freedom has become tied up with the decision concerning what schools are to do about communism and the Communists.

IT IS not easy to approach calmly and reasonably an issue so highly charged with feeling. Justice Black, dissenting from the majority who upheld the Smith act and terming it "a virulent form of prior censorship of speech and press, which I believe the First Amendment forbids," felt constrained to concede that few would now agree with him. Certainly the average American can find no more good in communism than the average Russian can find in his picture of capitalism. Each is convinced of the virtue of his own side and of the dark, deceptive, aggressive, evil forces of the enemy. One might suppose that since the case against Communists in American opinion right now is so overpowering, there could be relatively little present danger of their winning adherents in a free market of ideas, but this over-rational expectation neglects an important aspect of the present emotion. Fear of the *Thing* drives us in panic to curtail freedom as our way of defending it.

Deep emotional reactions as powerful as children's terrors or the drives of the sex pervert or murderer make unworkable the program of those who draw the line against Communists while hoping still to make a "respectable" defense of the liberties of others. The National Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers, and Americans for Democratic Action have concurred in the ban on Communists but wish to prevent other added forms of restriction and censorship. The results have been only what the Communists predicted: each successful action against Communist teachers has increased the fervor of the attack on the "next group"—be it fellow-travelers, Socialists, New Dealers, liberals, or progressive educators.

What is needed now is more insight into the psychology of the repressive forces. Apprehension arises in part from a rate of social change which is too fast for the rulers of our world, too fast for our institutions, and too fast for the security of most citizens. The attack on educational freedom in part expresses a desire to turn the calendar back to an age paced by horse and quiet buggy.

A deeper aspect of the anxiety which lies behind repressive attacks is subjective. The *Thing* springs from terrifying depths within man. It is as awful as patricide and infanticide and suicide all rolled into one. It parallels primitive man's fear of evil spirits and medieval man's fear of the Dark Powers. The Communist teacher, in the view of the N. E. A.'s Educational Policies Committee, corresponds very closely to the reprobate in old legends who had sold his soul to the devil. He is no longer really human; his mind is necessarily unfree; evil pervades and controls him. Anxiety in the presence of educational freedom is tied up with the mystery of evil in much the same way that racial segregation has been tied to the mystery of sex. Progress proves illusory so long as these emotional citadels are left undisturbed. Only after some rational approach has reached the deeplying central anxiety is the mind really free to work out programs of practical defense or of cooperation on peripheral matters. It may sound strange, but it is profoundly true that as long as some Americans focus upon Communists in this crisis all the repressed evil in their own nature, they will suspect Stalin's agent behind such diverse educational innovations as annual promotion, reading-readiness tests, core curricula, guidance services, intra-mural sports, and courses in family living.

ONE indication that emotional projection underlies much contemporary anti-communism is the loss of discrimination by otherwise able minds. A familiar test of prejudice penalizes anyone who accepts statements about ability or character beginning "All Americans," "All Chinese," "All Jews," or "All Catholics." The premise of those who would automatically bar Communist teachers begins "All Communists." They may recognize that it takes all kinds of people to make up every other party or religion the world has ever known, but they regard Communists as all alike. They allow everywhere else for a difference—for better or for worse—between what the sacred books say and what a given human being actually practices but condemn Communists wholesale on the basis of texts pried from the Red scriptures. In other fields the methods of scientific observation and induction are respected; American Communists, however, are condemned not for what they have been observed to be or to do but for what it is presumed deductively they should logically be and do. There has not been, to my knowledge, a single investigation designed to discover whether Communist teachers are really more or less well-informed than other teachers; better or worse adjusted emotionally; freer or more rigid in attitudes; more or less inclined to work democratically in class, school, and community; more or less likely to propagandize for one point of view. Personal observation among the few Communists known to me suggests that some are by temperament quite unsuited to the classroom while others warmly love children, are devoted to unselfish social ideals, and would maintain, if they were teaching, a level of fair-mindedness and intellectual honesty which would place them distinctly above the average teacher.

Lack of personal acquaintance with actual Communists makes it easier for the devil theory to thrive in America.

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Leslie Midgley, foreign editor of *Look*, reports that Western Europeans are much less excited about the "Communist menace" than we are, despite the greater proportion of Communists there. "Communists, in the public mind [in the United States]," he says, "are a species of untidy, misfit criminals. In the European community mind they are zealots, but familiar workers, teachers, shopkeepers, and neighbors. . . . Daily living with and working with men of Communist persuasion changes the focus on them."* There are no committees on "un-Swedish activities," and no political tests are applied to school teachers in France, not *despite* but *because* those countries are more experienced in coping with Communists than we are.

THE menace before which America now trembles attains gigantic stature because we see it so dimly. More fearless examination of communism in the schools would be sound from an emotional, a political, and an educational viewpoint. Suppose every high school tried to get one avowed Communist teacher. (Never mind the fact that there wouldn't be enough to go around, even if all Communists were employed as teachers.) Suppose we let the Communist freely have his say. Let him teach from the premises of the communism he honestly believes, in his own courses, and in panels with other teachers participating. What would happen?

First, the *emotional* situation would become more healthy. Many of the vague anxieties which now fetter citizens would be dissipated if communities could contend with a real flesh-and-blood "subversive" with all his human possibilities and limitations instead of with the *Thing*—that bogy concocted out of mysterious inner animosities and the rumors on which they feed. Communism explicitly expounded is less likely to have glamorous attraction for rebellious adolescent spirits than a communism which remains the great tabooed mystery. Other teachers would feel freer to express the progressive ideals in which they believe without the haunting fear that these aspirations might be regarded as "Communist" just because they were unconventional.

Politically, the outcome would be the production of more convinced and intelligent defenders of democracy. Army studies of propaganda during the recent war showed that high-school graduates are less persuaded by wholly one-sided arguments, of the kind the schools present today on the issue of communism, than by a fair presentation and refutation of what is to be said on the other side of the question. If the Communist teacher gives, as he may be expected to do, the trite answers of Soviet propaganda to the challenging questions on Russian imperialism, non-cooperation, censorship, slave-labor, and police-state intimidation sure to be asked by any school's overwhelming majority of anti-Communist teachers, pupils, and parents, that teacher will win few converts. If the lone Communist voice should succeed in arousing the conscience of some unduly complacent pupils about evils which still need to be remedied in any part of the world, that will be a considerable gain. Greater awareness of the constructive possibilities as well as the difficulties of economic planning will help us in our own task of reconciling the necessary planning with full freedom.

Highly important will be a more realistic understanding of what the other half of the world is thinking. Conflict with communism will overshadow the entire life of this generation of American youth. No responsible analyst of society believes that any number of A-bombs or H-bombs dropped on the Kremlin will end the kind of thinking which breeds fanatical Communists all over the earth. No military victory and no persecution will root out so potent an ideology. No Jew or Christian familiar with the history of his own faith will believe that the power of gold or guns can deter a movement which makes most of its members prefer martyrdom to betrayal. Such a movement can be influenced for the better only by those who understand it more clearly than either the Communists or the non-Communists today understand one another. It would be still more helpful, of course, if the free democracies could likewise supply a missionary to every school beyond the Iron-Golden Curtain, but we don't have to wait for the Russians to relax before we start practicing our own ideals of free interchange. If it should turn out in the long run that we came to understand the Russians far better than they understood us, that would be worth more to our defense than dozens of armored divisions.

The *educational* merit of this proposal is that it provides a pattern for solving an old problem: How may teachers holding strong convictions avoid both hypocrisy and indoctrinating? Pupils in elementary school as well as in high school will be better educated if they are taught in their various classes and panels by several teachers with differing viewpoints. The child who spends his whole school day with one teacher is unduly limited by the biases of that individual, be he Communist or plutocrat, introvert or extrovert, Catholic or atheist, white or Negro, from upper-, middle-, or lower-class background. A democratic community's goal should not be teachers who represent only the circumscribed prejudices of one religion or of a "better-class" section, or anemic teachers who cautiously sterilize their every expression against any living germ of controversy. Rather the goal should be provision for each child to have full, life-rich contacts with a variety of vigorous personalities representing the wide range of views important to the world of tomorrow, and provision also for untrammeled critical explorations, comparisons, and evaluations.

* An Editor's View of Reluctant Europe in Arms Against a Sea of Troubles. *Look*, August 28, 1951.

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Juan and Evita

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

THE Argentine election of November 11, as planned, had a nice, neat pattern—from the point of view of Juan and Eva Perón. Today it is a mess. The original idea was to have a Perón-Perón ticket, the General as President and his wife as Vice-President. For the sake of a livelier history and the entertainment of the world, one could almost wish the dream had come true. There never has been a woman vice-president anywhere; we would have had to go back to a much worthier couple, Ferdinand and Isabella, to find a husband-and-wife team of rulers in the Latin world. And, of course, there never was such a woman as Evita—for which we all can on the whole be thankful. Already she has cut a swathe through Latin American history. Viceroys and dictators have had influential mistresses, like Elisa Lynch, the Anglo-Irish mistress of Francisco López, dictator of Paraguay in the 1860's. López would have married Elisa if she could have got an annulment of her marriage; even as a common-law wife, Mme Lynch played a big role behind the scenes. She made history, too, partly because the influence of women in Latin American politics is so rare. The important ones can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and none before Evita Perón ruled in her own right, least of all in a country of great power and wealth. Now Evita is very ill with pernicious anemia. If we have —at least temporarily—been spared the evil that she could and would have done, we have also been deprived of a unique spectacle. Still, that is a luxury we can afford to dispense with.

The pattern began to break down just when it should have taken solid form. That was on August 22 of this year, the day the Peróns staged a giant demonstration in Buenos Aires. Evita was to have been drafted by the spontaneous and irresistible demand of Argentine labor —her dear *descamisados*, the shirtless ones.

Colonel Juan Perón came to power in 1943-45 with an adroit combination of labor and military support. He was one of a group of colonels—pro-Nazi, anti-American, nationalistic, isolationist—who were heirs to the old Latin American tradition that law, order, and power should be in the hands of the army men. Eva Duarte was one of the young women (she would not have been more than twenty-five in 1943) who traveled in the colonels' set. The stories of her having been a prostitute are false. She was a dancer and minor actress in a country where that profession is not generally virtuous by family standards, and she did come from the lower classes. Let us say that she was the Theodora to Juan Perón's Justinian. It should never have mattered what she was, because as a common-law and as a legal wife her devotion and loyalty were unassailable. By all accounts, Juan and Eva were and are very much in love with each other, and the matter should be left there.

Unfortunately, the attitude of the women whom Evita came in contact with when her husband became powerful was not such as to let her forget her origins and mode of life. Her reaction was to seek revenge, which she did with a spitefulness and ruthlessness that showed the female of the species at its deadliest. The wives of the high officers, officials, and ruling classes were mixed up in her mind and emotions with the hated oligarchy. Her heart was with her own poor people, the *descamisados*.

Colonel Perón might not, of himself, have thought in those terms, but he was ambitious, shrewd, a born demagogue. He wanted power, but as an army officer with no great social connections and no special record, he would have found it hard or even impossible to reach the top. The army, it must never be forgotten, is always the power factor in Latin America. A dictator, a president, a party can rule *without* the army but never *against* the army.

So Juan Perón needed military backing. Where he struck off at a new tangent was to enlist, in addition, the support of the trade unions and peons—the shirtless ones whom he was later to clothe handsomely. The conservative, Prussianized army did not have popular backing; Perón saw the need for it, and certainly the workers and peasants were downtrodden and miserable enough to welcome a champion. In fact, they found two champions, for in the course of time it was Evita who adopted them, pampered them, raised their wages, gave them social benefits, and provided a health and charitable service for their exclusive use. The Eva Perón Social Aid Foundation is a vast, personal system, built up by forcing individuals and big business to contribute. It is run exclusively by Evita for good Peronistas, and woe betide those who refuse to contribute!

That axis—army and *descamisados*—was the basis for Peronism. A fascist regime was built upon it. A phony doctrine called "justicialism" was added post facto, and Argentines were told that capitalism—that is, the hated United States—was if anything worse than communism. "Capitalism is undoubtedly the great evil of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries," Perón said, while com-

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS, the distinguished foreign correspondent and editorial writer of the New York Times, *spent some months in Buenos Aires last spring.*

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munism is an effect and a product of capitalism. Hence they must both be eliminated by *justicialismo,* which is a "third position" between the two. Good Peronistas were put in charge of all the big trade unions and of the General Confederation of Labor. Army generals and lesser officers were never so pampered or so honored, and every soldier down to the private was given special treatment. Those divisions and naval units which were especially trustworthy received more arms and were stationed in key localities.

THE formula looked fool proof, but it was easy to see in Buenos Aires last spring that the significant thing about the Perón regime was not its strength but its weakness. The Peróns still had a long way to go to make Argentina a totalitarian state. There was friction between the followers of Evita and the followers of the President. The rank and file of the trade unions were unhappy because of the mounting cost of living and their lost liberties. The inflation was getting serious. The army generals were restive, and ashamed about Evita; she was making a laughing-stock of a man's country.

The question on all sides was: what will the army do? Obviously, President Perón was asking himself the same question. The answer seemed simple to him—call up the power of the workers, a power so massive that the generals would be cowed or at least impressed by the popularity of the Peróns. So the great demonstration of August 22 was arranged—a workers' holiday, free transportation to Buenos Aires, food, lodging, entertainment, and all of it backed by union orders to go out and demand the Perón-Perón ticket.

Juan Perón had been elected on February 24, 1946, for a six-year term. He changed the constitution to permit a second consecutive term; he moved the elections forward from February 24, 1952, to November 11; he had many of his rivals arrested for *desacato* (disrespect) or for no reason at all; the entire press with the noble exception of *La Nación* and a few provincial papers had been bought, cowed, or suppressed like the great *Prensa.* On the eve of August 22 it would have been a rash man who predicted trouble.

And yet on that day the neat pattern began to crack. Instead of 2,000,000 loyal demonstrators there were only 300,000. Instead of being cowed by the power of labor, the army leaders were encouraged by its failure to rally round the Peróns in greater numbers. Moreover, something had obviously gone wrong with the Peronista party machinery. The generals intervened, and Evita, on August 31, tearfully renounced the vice-presidency. "My only flag is Perón; my best reward the love of the Argentine people," she said, with what bitterness and hatred one can well imagine. The present Vice-President, Dr. Hortensio Quijano, seventy-four and ailing, was named in her place for reelection.

The question now was: what will the army do next? To answer it one had to know whether the generals were merely gunning for Evita and were satisfied now that they had defeated her, or whether they wanted to get rid of President Perón too. On the whole, they had reason to be satisfied. General Perón was one of them, with a strong following in the army and the powerful police force; he was still very popular, still in control of the political machine. Eva Perón's health broke down, and it was soon learned that she was very ill; so there was nothing to worry about from that direction for a long time to come.

What happened next was puzzling and will doubtless remain so until after the elections, when the dust settles. On the morning of September 28 there was a military uprising; by mid-afternoon it was all over. It had been badly organized, ill-timed, and poorly supported. The great bulk of the army, navy, and air force remained loyal. Many thousands of workers turned out to help and cheer Perón. Some officers fled to Uruguay, others were arrested; there was a shake-up in the top echelons of the navy, air force, and defense ministries; a state of siege was proclaimed, and more political opponents were arrested.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Was Juan Perón acting from strength or from weakness? Was he on the offensive or defensive? There, again, we shall have to wait until the elections to find out, but temporarily, at least, the President had strengthened his position.

The atmosphere remained tense and confused, a confusion that the President made worse by announcing on October 9 that he was calling Congress into special session to grant him a leave of absence from the presidency. The leave was of course granted, surprisingly enough until April 30 if the General so desired. There was a theatricality about the gesture that smacked of his model, Mussolini. It was the demagogue coming out. He was going to show that he could win on November 11 in a free and fair fight, dispensing with his presidential powers, all open and aboveboard.

Of course, certain precautions were in order. Perón never approved of political parties. They are "out of date in the modern world and are the means by which capitalism suppresses the will of the majority," he said last December. The four national opposition parties—

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Radicals, National Democrats (or Conservatives), Socialists, and Communists—have hundreds of their leaders in General Perón's jails or with warrants out against them. Since there is a state of siege, habeas corpus is suspended. Meetings of any but Peronistas in Buenos Aires have been banned. Radio, television, and press are completely controlled. The polling places will be under army guard, and so will the counting of the votes.

For the first time women will vote. About 4,400,000 are eligible, compared to 4,000,000 men. Eva Perón got her sex the franchise, and she expects women to vote for her husband and his party. In fact, the Peronista women are well organized in a party of their own, headed by none other than Eva Perón. Organized labor is also completely controlled by the Peróns, and while there is some discontent among the rank and file, the trade-union vote can be expected to go overwhelmingly for the Peronista ticket.

In 1946 the elections were fair enough, but well prepared in advance to favor General Perón. He received 1,474,447 votes to 120,759 for his fusion opponent, José Tamborini. Tamborini had been chosen as fusion candidate by the same four national parties now in the running. This time General Perón has had the presence of mind to forbid fusion candidacies.

NEED we ask, therefore, who is going to win the elections of November 11? It is true that where the grip of the Perón political machine is relatively weak—mainly in the countryside and the small towns—the Peronista ticket may find tough going. The Radical Party has brave and intelligent leadership, notably so in its presidential and vice-presidential candidates, Ricardo Balbín and Arturo Frondizi. Balbín has already spent ten months in jail for "disrespect" of the President and has a number of new charges for *desacato* against him. Frondizi is the able and fearless minority leader in the Chamber of Deputies—one of the very few Argentines in public life who stood up and fought to save *La Prensa*. Unfortunately, the Radicals have no positive program and no mass following.

The Socialist leader, Alfredo Palacios, now seventy-one, is one of the best-known political figures in Latin America. Lawyer, university president, author of dozens of books, he has been a fighter for liberty all his life, and a most picturesque one. Perón had him arrested on the day of the September 28 uprising along with other Socialists, but Palacios was later released. Américo Ghioldi, his running-mate, is a noted educator and journalist. Américo's brother, Rodolfo Ghioldi, is the Communist presidential candidate. Argentine socialism, under Palacios, is of the democratic, Fabian type; as doctrine, it fails to attract many workers. However, in Latin America personalities count more than doctrines, and Palacios is a great personality.

Palacios has now withdrawn from the campaign, leaving the battle to minor figures, and the Socialists have all but given up. The Radicals, on the other hand, have attracted large crowds and apparently aroused much enthusiasm. Since their meetings must be held outside of Buenos Aires, and the press, even *La Nación*, does not report their doings, it has been impossible to gauge just how much support they are winning, but obviously their meetings are successful and Perón is disturbed by them. One of his reasons for taking a leave of absence is undoubtedly to stump the provinces in his own behalf.

Reynaldo Pastor, the National Democratic candidate for President, is the only Conservative deputy in the present Congress. The vice-presidential candidate, Vicente Solano, is an exile in Uruguay. Since the National Democrats represent the discredited and dethroned oligarchy, they are hardly likely to whip up much popular support. The so-called oligarchy contains many of the finest, most intelligent, and patriotic men in Argentina, but their record is a bad one, and it looks as if their power has been permanently broken.

The Communist Party is legal in Argentina, but the movement is weak, partly because Perón stole a lot of their thunder. However, there are many observers who see Peronism as the forerunner of communism in Argentina. It is a fascism of the left that can be converted into communism overnight. At present Perón considers communism to be almost as bad as capitalism.

On the whole, the opposition campaign is a forlorn one, with only the Radicals having any real chance to elect deputies to Congress. If Colonel Domingo Mercante, the powerful retiring governor of Buenos Aires Province, should abandon his pouting aloofness and come out strongly for the Perón ticket, that hope would diminish. To make matters more difficult, the new electoral law abolishes the proportional-representation system in congressional elections. Each senator now has to be elected by direct majority vote in his constituency, and the minority votes are wasted. Deputies will be chosen by electoral districts and not by provinces. Before this, the second-strongest party automatically received one-third of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Radicals are bound to lose by the new procedure—as they were intended to do.

No one has the remotest chance to defeat Juan Perón for President by a popular ballot. One can write one's ticket now: Juan Domingo Perón, President; Hortensio Quijano, Vice-President; Major Carlos Aloe (Perón's henchman and secretary), Governor of Buenos Aires Province, the second most important post in Argentina. Add complete control of Congress by the Peronistas, and you have the political set-up in Argentina for the next six years.

Or have you? We still have to ask the question: What is the army going to do next?

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MacArthur: Fact and Legend

THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT. By Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Farrar, Straus, and Young. $3.75.

IN THE aftermath of the MacArthur hearings the United States Senate has turned itself into a kind of coroner's jury digging up the corpses of Yalta and Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist China and holding inquests to try to prove that if Roosevelt, Truman, Acheson, and Company had behaved differently, Chiang would still rule in Nanking and Stalin would by now have probably dropped dead out of sheer terror of American disapproval. Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger have written a witty, ironic recapitulation of the zany controversy arising from MacArthur's ouster, put some facts about the General into focus, and accurately identified the "new isolationism" represented in his "go it alone" philosophy.

MacArthur emerges from these pages as something less than the all-conquering figure he has created in his own imagination. Excellent in execution of the Pacific campaigns, he had to be prodded and overruled on strategic concepts. His Inchon landing in Korea was a master-stroke, probably the greatest of his career, but it is curious that it should have come from the same brain that in the Philippines, before World War II, played with the idea that "defended coasts" would be impregnable. His shocking blunders on the first day of the Japanese war, when his air force was destroyed on the ground ten hours after Pearl Harbor, and his failure to let his bombers attack Formosa although General Brereton was begging permission, have been told before, but they are worth telling again. Why Short and Kimmel were ruined because of their Pearl Harbor failures, which MacArthur survived far more heinous offenses to become Colonel McCormick's and the country's hero is a mystery probably to be explained only by MacArthur's masterly control of his own publicity. (The publicity was controlled so completely that Clark Lee, Associated Press correspondent, could not file the story until he reached Australia, and by then MacArthur was already the legendary figure of Bataan and Corregidor.)

Exactly when and why MacArthur decided to force a showdown with President Truman rather than accept the frustrations of the Korean war is not explained in this book. Probably it will never be explained until the General, like Lincoln's McClellan, who was also fired, gives us the privilege of his memoirs. It may be noticed, however, that events moved quickly after MacArthur was "surprised" by the massive Chinese intervention, which he had already warned Washington about and in the face of which he nevertheless ordered his disastrous "home by Christmas" offensive. Just as in 1935 he left the United States for the Philippines, apparently with a sense of relief because here he had no more career worlds to conquer, so he may have felt that Korea after the Chinese intervention offered him no further chance to live up to his own legend.

Wellington, the Iron Duke who won at Waterloo, first had the time and patience to fight nine long years in the Peninsular campaign that drained Napoleon's strength and paved the way for Waterloo. But MacArthur seems not to be happy in adversity; he joined President Quezon in 1942 in a proposal for *neutralization* of the Philippines, and had to be gently lectured by Roosevelt on the nature of appeasement. In Korea, MacArthur may have felt that he lacked time to be a Wellington; he was seventy-one years old, and it was more pleasant to attack his "enemies" in Washington than to execute the painful military diplomacy prescribed by a commander-in-chief who wanted both to turn back Communist aggression and avoid provocation toward a general war. At any rate MacArthur wrote letters; he issued an "ultimatum" to the Chinese that was supported by no other leading members of the United Nations and that undercut diplomatic negotiations about which he had been forewarned; and Truman obliged by firing him.

As for Chiang Kai-shek and Yalta, it is pleasant to be reminded that in 1945 Senator Wiley of Wisconsin was publicly begging the Russians to come into the war against Japan, and that the one American most playfully insistent that Mao Tse-tung's Chinese Communists had nothing in common with Moscow was that preposterous old character, mistakenly sent by Roosevelt on a mission to China, the Honorable Patrick J. Hurley.

For ten years MacArthur has had a persecution complex. Always his ideas have been frustrated by "enemies" in Washington; always the Administration has been guilty of the quaint delusion that Western Europe has some importance in the scales of world events; and in the end the General saw his occupation of Japan deteriorating in value and his own reputation endangered in the bitter tribulations of the Korean war. So he came home—not as the ordinary general might have come, but with the panache and triumphs of the most melodramatic circumstances. But—so far as Yalta goes—nothing can change the record that he too in 1945 was begging for Russian participation in the war to destroy the Japanese armies in Manchuria. And nothing can change the record that, while he is apparently incapable of speaking except in terms of the broadest reference to mighty historical events, he knows so little about China that in his speech to Congress he called Chang Tso-lin, a common war lord, one of the architects of modern China, and completely forgot Sun Yat-sen.

The bizarre episode is already becoming dull. MacArthur was not allowed to choose the time and place for whatever bombing, if any, must eventually be done. A less patient President than Mr. Truman might have fired him sooner, but the constitutional integrity of the Republic was safeguarded. The late James Forrestal's candid comment to Admiral Leahy was that MacArthur "had a high degree of professional ability, mortgaged, however, to his sensitivity and vanity." It seems a fitting epitaph.

WILLARD SHELTON

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A Work of Splendor

THE SECOND SCROLL. By A. M. Klein. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

IF JOHN HERSEY'S "The Wall" can be regarded as the outstanding fictional tribute by a non-Jew to the annihilated Jewry of Europe, this apocalyptic volume by A. M. Klein, the Canadian poet, Joyce scholar, and lawyer, can with greater justification be described as the most profoundly creative summation of the Jewish condition by a Jewish man of letters since the European catastrophe.

Mr. Klein has at his disposal the entire body of Hebrew tradition that was simply unavailable to John Hersey, and as a poet he accepts the necessity for transcending novelistic descriptiveness in grappling with a tragedy that has surpassed the most awful imaginings of a Dante. He has chosen to personify the Hebrew tradition with an imaginary uncle, Melech Davidson (Melech: King; Davidson: Solomon), and by means of a technique that includes prose narrative, verse, and poetic drama, all brought into a larger unity through an extremely complex interweaving of Talmudic and Biblical allegory.

We learn in the narrative chapters (pointedly titled Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy) that Melech Davidson has been successively a glittering Talmudic prodigy, a convert to Bolshevism—"Comrade Krul, the international authority upon the decadence of European literature" —a survivor of the Nazi holocaust flirting with the Catholic church, a dedicated relief worker in the Jewish slums of Casablanca, and finally a saintly scholar-martyr in Israel, in the holy city of Safed, where "Rabbi Solomon Halevi Alkabez, in the very darkness of his century, had composed (the song of Sabbath greetings) words of hope and consolation." He thus recapitulates in his own life both the recent symbolic history of the Jews and their entire history as a people.

When the nephew-narrator flies to Europe, to North Africa, and finally to Israel in search of his elusive uncle, he throws off a series of sparks that demonstrate brilliantly his capacity for poetic illumination. It is in Israel, after fruitless wandering, and after a boring literary soiree in Tel Aviv, that "the creative activity, archetypical, all-embracing . . . at last manifested itself. In the streets, in the shops, everywhere about me. I had looked, but had not seen. It was there all the time—the fashioning folk, anonymous and unobserved, creating word by word, phrase by phrase, the total work that when completed would stand as epic revealed! They were not members of literary societies, the men who were giving new life to the antique speech, but merchants, tradesmen, day laborers." And after giving a number of charming and witty examples of the revivification of the Hebrew language, he comments: "It was as if I was spectator to the healing of torn flesh, or *heard* a broken bone come together, set, and grow again. Wonderful is the engrafting of skin, but more wonderful the million busy hushed cells, in secret planning, stitching, stretching, until—the wound is vanished, the blood courses normal, the cicatrice falls off. I had at last discovered it, the great efflorescent impersonality. My hopes of finding Uncle Melech revived."

But it is in the "glosses" at the back of the book, labeled with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, that the allegory gains added dimensions. Gloss Aleph, "Autobiographical," and Gloss Beth, "Elegy," are poems by the narrator related to the Genesis and Exodus chapters, the first dealing with his boyhood and the second with the Nazi massacres. Glosses Gimel, Dalid, and Hai, on the other hand, represent the literary remains of Melech Davidson: Gimel is a portion of a letter to a Monsignor in the Vatican Library, Dalid a fable-like play in verse, and Hai a draft of a liturgy. The book closes on a note of high affirmation with the reproduction of the Thirtieth Psalm. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Gloss Gimel, the letter written to the Catholic scholar, "On First Seeing the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," is an astonishing tour de force. Intricate, beautiful, and passionate, it is surely one of the greatest pieces of "art appreciation" of our time—and it is much more than that. Indeed, the entire volume—less than 200 pages in all!—demands the kind of careful repeated readings that only nobly wrought works require.

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It is hardly to be expected that "The Second Scroll" will find a wide audience in the immediate future, for intellectuals and rationalists may very well shy away from its intense nationalism and piety, while those who are equipped to grapple with Talmudic subtleties may hesitate to involve themselves with its Joycean complexities and its richly allusive modern puns. But these are merely temporary hindrances to the ultimate recognition of this volume as a work of splendor and permanence, and of its author as a poet of the first rank.

HARVEY SWADOS

Soviet Beginnings

SOVIET DOCUMENTS ON FOREIGN POLICY. Volume I, 1917-1924. Selected and Edited by Jane Degras. Oxford University Press. $7.

THE developing perversion that has marked Russia's socialist experiment is perhaps most evident in the history of its foreign policy. In general the progress from revolutionary brotherhood, through nationalist isolation, and on to aggressive imperialism is well known. But the details are obscure, for increasing reluctance to divulge information is one mighty theme of the whole history. The regime which at its inception proclaimed the abolition of secret diplomacy has become the most close-mouthed of all the great powers. No official collection of correspondence between Soviet diplomats has yet been issued. And the documents so far made available are scattered in works difficult to find and seldom rendered into English. Accordingly the publication of selections from the available material represents a great service to all students of recent foreign policy. On every level this first volume of a projected three-volume series sets a high standard. The selection, including speeches and newspaper reports as well as diplomatic documents, is sensible and extensive. The translation and textual scholarship, according to the expert testimony of Max Beloff, are excellent. And better yet, a self-contained and dramatic narrative emerges from the pages.

It is a veritable success story, a rise from hut to palace. When the Bolsheviks took over, the Russian army, in Lenin's phrase, was voting for peace with its feet. The Germans were able to advance at will. After a preliminary flirtation with Trotsky's doctrine of world revolution, the Russians came to their nationalistic senses and proceeded to Brest-Litovsk to sign Germany's Carthaginian peace. Toward the end of 1918 Germany's collapse in the West led to a progressive easing in the administration of the Brest-Litovsk treaty. But the Germans were hardly off the Russian back when the victorious Allies jumped on. During 1919 American, Japanese, British, and French troops occupied the Soviet Union's frontier areas. In the very heart of Russia a Czech force was maintained, and on all sides czarist generals and adventurers were encouraged to attack. Badly coordinated, these attacks were picked off one by one by Trotsky's Red Army. With the exception of the Japanese the Allies themselves had no stomach for occupation, and in a short while they withdrew, leaving behind them the *cordon sanitaire* dressed up as self-determination. For a moment the Russians threatened to penetrate even this jealously held line. The Red Army advanced on Warsaw, and a revolt was staged in northern Persia. But the Poles rallied, and in Persia the Russians pulled back voluntarily. By 1922, though, a general peace was arranged with frontiers drawn and certified by treaty. The foreign threat was dissipated and the revolution was going to live.

With so much accomplished the Russians went out for more. As most of the documents covering the period 1922-24 indicate, the Russians wanted loans for domestic expansion and facilities for international propaganda. For these they fished with a hook baited with a promise to *consider* payment of the Czar's old debts. The West nibbled with an invitation to the Genoa reparations conference. Here the Russians rehearsed their 1939 act, playing with the French and British while they concluded the Rapallo treaty of alliance and mutual aid with Germany. A year later the Russians used the Lausanne conference to throw a friendly arm around the shoulder of a sorely beset Turkey. As a result, by 1923 Russia stood as champion of the victims of Versailles.

In 1924 the victorious powers themselves began to question the virtue of Versailles. Khaki governments that were inclined to regard Versailles as if anything too soft were dismissed, and succeeded by coalitions of the left pledged to assistance and understanding. On February 1 the first MacDonald Cabinet accorded recognition to the Soviet Union. Mussolini was close enough on the British heels to institute a claim that his had been the first of the Western governments to grant recognition. And toward the end of the year the Herriot Cabinet, representing the *Cartel des Gauches,* reversed the Poincaré position and granted French recognition. The Revolution had become respectable; Versailles was breached, and power just around the corner.

JOSEPH KRAFT

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Books in Brief

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BRADFORD OF PLYMOUTH. By Bradford Smith. Lippincott. $5. A biography of Governor Bradford, that indomitable administrator and author who

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held Plymouth Colony together by the sheer force of his personality during its first hard years. The book is based on Bradford's own history and on Mourt's Relation, but with imaginative flourishes by the author that seem a little out of character.

THE UNITED NATIONS. By Stephen S. Fenichell and Phillip Andrews. Winston. $2. A primer describing in simple language and with many illustrations the history, purpose, organization, and activities of the United Nations.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MOST of my colleagues seem to have been a little afraid to let themselves go on the subject of Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners" (St. James's Church). The author has a deserved reputation; the title is completely typical; the intent is serious; the excellent English company of four seems to believe in what it is doing; and, besides, the once natural alliance between religion and the drama is something which ought to be encouraged. Unfortunately, however, the truth of the matter is that, title aside, the play has none of the characteristics or virtues of its author and that it is vehemently incoherent. I have seldom been more uncomfortable in either a theater or a church, and I have, on occasion, been pretty uncomfortable in each.

Perhaps I had best begin by describing what happens—in so far as I was able to gather. Four prisoners of war of unspecified nationality engaged in an unspecified conflict are confined in a church, and consequently a few properties are all that is necessary in the way of stage setting. One of the prisoners is a gentle, mocking introvert who so exasperates his best pal, a robust Hemingway sort of realist, that in a fury the latter almost strangles him to death. After the two have been separated and everyone has settled down for the night, one of them, I am not quite sure which, has a series of dreams interrupted from time to time by the awaking of his companions. In the course of these dreams the two antagonists appear first as Cain and Abel, then as David and Absalom, and finally—at least up to the point where understanding failed me completely—as Abraham and Isaac. The thesis seems to be that these episodes represent the three forms previously taken in the remote past by the essential incompatibility between the temperaments and the philosophies of the two. There is first the simple exasperation of the passionate doer against the gentle thinker; then, in the David episode, there is the warrior patriot who convinces himself that the sacrifice of even his son is a political necessity; finally there is embodied in Abraham the mystique of violence by now spiritualized to the point where it can accept, as Abraham does, a symbolic instead of an actual victim. Then the play, which is short but does not seem to be so, ends with a passionately obscure harangue by the oldest of the soldiers, whose point seems to be that we should stop trying to solve the problem by methods which have never worked and that Cain and Abel should somehow settle their difficulties by non-violent means.

In all modesty I must insist that this account is a great deal clearer than the play itself, which goes to extreme lengths to defy comprehension not only by the inflated obscurity of the language but also by a perpetual, almost hysterical vehemence, which suggests more strongly than anything else the neurotic extravagances of the German expressionists who redoubled their portentousness whenever meaning began completely to fail them and who always seemed more determined to wreck the nerves than to enlighten the mind. What makes all this so astonishing is the fact that Mr. Fry's other plays seemed so novel and so refreshing just because they were so completely, perhaps so bloodlessly, playful and intellectual.

In disparagement of, for instance, "The Lady's Not for Burning" one might say that it is too decorative and rococo, that if it were not for its surface ornament it would not exist at all, that even its wit is a perpetual distraction, serving chiefly to divert from moment to moment without building up to anything. But at the very minimum one has to admit that the ingenuities are really ingenious and the whole thing genuinely entertaining partly because, all heat being absent, we are given in its place, if not light, then at least a profusion of twinkling fireflies. In abandoning wit Mr. Fry seems to have abandoned his principal resource and found it impossible to become completely serious without becoming intolerably turgid. So far as I can remember only one joke is attempted. One of the soldiers complains that he cannot sleep. Abel-Absalom-Isaac ad-

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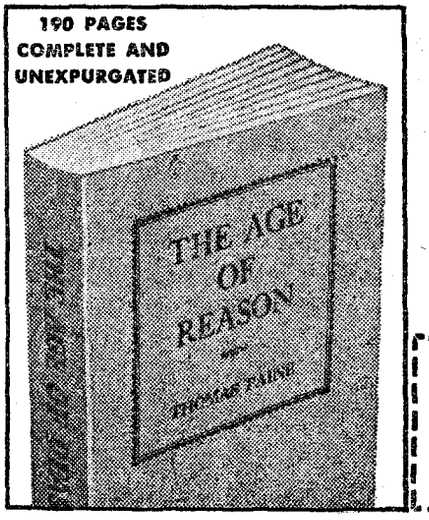

EARLY in life, Abraham Lincoln was tremendously influenced by the writings of Thomas Paine—particularly by his essay advocating the abolition of slavery. Lincoln constantly sought inspiration in Paine's works. He said: "I never tire of reading Paine". Thomas A. Edison came under the influence of Paine and fully acknowledged his indebtedness to this profound thinker. He said: "Paine educated me . . ." Men like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson loved and honored this great genius.

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vises him to think about love and then, pulling the blanket about his chin, chuckles to himself, "Amor vincit insomnia." And that is certainly as feeble a pseudo-epigram as any ever heard from stage or pulpit.

To most comic writers there no doubt come moments when neither the spirit of comedy nor that language of comedy which is called wit seems adequate. But both are at least less disastrously inadequate than passion without dignity or poetry which communicates neither meaning nor self-justifying emotion. At one point in "The Lady's Not for Burning" Margaret announces her fear that Alizon must be lost, and Nicholas replies, "Who isn't? The best thing we can do is to make whatever we're lost in look as much like home as we can." That is a comic attitude toward the problems of life expressed in the language of wit. And if such an attitude is not adequate, it is at least clearly stated, while the attitude of "A Sleep of Prisoners" cannot even be understood. After it was over I heard a departing spectator say sadly, "Oh dear. This is going to make the church more unpopular than ever." I am afraid she was right.

Art

MANNY FARBER

BACK in 1880, while imprisoned in the domestic quiet of his mother's souvenir shop and unrecognized by the innovators in Paris, William Ensor spiked some mildly impressionistic works with amorphous squiggles and grotesque pre-Freudian images that indicated his life-long distaste for his home town—the genteel, orderly world of Ostend, Belgium, which he never left and never stopped criticizing. Setting a decorous pace and yet apparently sensitized far under the surface by some disagreeable presences out of Poe, his canvases tell obvious stories. In one, a little girl looks up from a book, petrified with terror at the hideous shapes insinuating themselves into her bourgeois living room; in another, a gray-faced female corpse is stretched out behind the impressive medicine bottles that plagued her departure; a leadenly ironic self-portrait reveals the grave artist bedecked with a Victorian Hedda Hopper chapeau, a middle-class version of those sweeping hats in Titians and Bronzinis. Though these literary pictures can be read by anyone's backward nephew, they have never attracted the large audience that usually goes for this sort of thing. The reason may be found in the current Ensor exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, a display surpassing even the long-forgotten retrospectives of Sterne and Watkins in the ability neither to irritate nor to please the customers.

Those who have already written about the show have analyzed the morbid, disagreeable strains in Ensor by stressing his subject matter and the ambivalently gracious and querulous old gentleman who always seemed "infected," "eaten," "grizzled," or "decaying" from something or other. Actually, the paintings are surprisingly weighted under a ton of Ibsen-like respectability. Ensor worked with thin, measured strokes of the palette knife, cutting shapes as though he were delicately chipping plaster with hours ahead of him in the quiet of a graveyard. He was a dreary composer, arranging large squarish hunks of space in feeble symmetry behind heavy pyramidal arrangements of central facts. The ghoulish qualities in his art come from the perverse, stubborn things in his technique. Cold salmon, his favorite color, has never attracted me, and Ensor makes it less delectable by refusing to cut its insipidity with warm, dark contrasts. He handles a palette knife with astonishing delicacy, as though trying to simulate the effect of deft brushing—a grisly charade (by a man who loved to paint masks) which produced a surface unlike any other in painting: hard-baked, closely stitched, with barely perceptible flaking effects, like a quart of strawberry ice cream that has turned pale and gray from having to work in an East Side sweatshop.

There are no grounds on which to compare Ensor's eccentric work with that of other artists, unless you can link him with a few, like Tobey, Homer, Hopper, Marin, who, despite their vitality, paint always with the austere resignation of old men. Without juice, making his most important utterances with dry, frenzied little twitches and curling strokes, bent on running a pleasureless chill through the middle-class universe, Ensor seems less a person than a device, a device so worn and affected by the culture, climate, topography of the Belgian coast that it ticked off a few minor masterpieces whose force is the lingering staccato of the death rattle.

AMERICAN abstraction has not yet produced a Picasso, but like the Indianapolis Speedway it is crowded with topflight fortune-hunters jockeying for position in a narrow, surfacy, thrill-a-second form of self-expression. Two of them, Lee Krasner and Felix Ruvolo, are showing in these parts now, but the most impressive contemporary exhibitor is a Paris-detoured Philadelphian named Hugh Weiss, who rejects the razzle-dazzle style for something more traditional.

Weiss offers a sensuous, densely lit half-acceptance of nature that recalls Bonnard's uncontrasted light, Seurat's latticed compositions, and some of the primitive distortions of Rousseau. The paintings of young expatriates like Weiss may seem gripped by a lack of vigor brought on by too much happy cafe life, too much next-door communion with oozing rooms full of great Renoirs, and a philosophic "anti-American" reluctance to break the world's record in stunt-painting. Weiss's Impressionist-rooted compositions are imbued with an indoor character, the tell-tale sign of an artist who is relying too little on the outside world and getting too much from European art galleries. For instance, his scenes of bridge, street, or cafe ooze in shadowy, succulent oil rather than sunlight or air; even his view of what appears to be an unsteady bridge makes its own rules of perspective and tone, and they all add up to a scene that takes place within a ruby-red box. One suspects the painter of being well contented with his ways, almost brutally insistent on them. In direct opposition to nature, and sometimes to this critic's taste, he follows one hot color with another, working the blue-red harmony that has been flogged to death by art-school students. All in all, however, I am convinced he is the most artistic new painter to show this year.

Largely because of his near-sighted manner of concentrating on tiny areas and building them outward in grass-like strokes of contrasting color from every part of the palette, his pictures take on a blurry quality. The shape of a table or figure puffs up from the canvas like

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a low foothill, crosshatched and worked over at length for the right color relationship with neighboring areas. It is in this reworking with subtle tones that Weiss seems to beat his picture into a deeper and tougher range of painting than is turned out by his abstract cousins in New York. In composing, he works with transitional tone and angle, relating directions, curves, and textures in a continuing rhythm through deep space—a use of varying speeds and quantities in three-dimensional composition which has not been very common since the Cubists.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

OF THE two new works presented by Ballet Theater, Babilée's "Till Eulenspiegel," to Strauss's tone-poem, was made notable not only by Babilée's central performance—with its compulsion of mere presence, its powerful projection of a distinctive personality and style in its miming and dancing—but by the further projection of that personality and style into all the movement surrounding his, which produced an extraordinarily integrated piece as well as a delightful one. Notable too were the setting by Tom Keogh and costumes by Helene Pons.

Bronislava Nijinska's "Schumann Concerto" turned out to be still another of her equivalents of a pianist coming out on the stage of Town Hall to perform finger exercises for a half-hour—incredible and painful to anyone who saw "Les Noces" and knows what creative powers she once operated with. And one had to endure an atrocious performance of Schumann's beautiful work (all the music was played poorly this time).

Fokine's "Bluebeard," revived with some inaccurate replacement of what couldn't be remembered (for example, in the first dance of Florette and Prince Sapphire) and danced with less finish than ten years ago, seemed even less good a piece this time; but it provided the occasion for a wonderfully elaborated comedy performance by Lazovsky and an exercise of Kriza's comic gift.

In the endless spins of "Schumann Concerto," in "Les Sylphides," in the second act of "Giselle," Alonso danced with a beautiful fluidity in the deployment of her body in quiet that was very much like Markova's; she achieved an even more striking resemblance to Markova in the breathtaking lifts of the bedroom scene of "Romeo and Juliet"; and her dancing in "Theme and Variations" had a clarity which Moylan's lacked. The more astonishing, therefore, was the violent straining for grandeur which hammed up her performance in "Swan Lake" (pronouncing it "phenomenal," John Martin observed that "such bravura is not to be seen every day in the week," to which I would add only the word "fortunately"). And a little alarming was the occasional insecure balance—a consequence perhaps of the increased bulkiness around the hips.

Youskevitch, on the other hand, continues to be flawless; and seeing him after Eglevsky one can appreciate the quietly assured precision and elegance with which he accomplishes his dazzling turns and leaps.

Though Prokofiev's "The Love for Three Oranges" contains some of his freshest and most engaging music, it is music for stage action; and of the suite that is well performed by Desormiere and the French National Symphony (Capitol) only the familiar Scherzo and the less familiar and very lovely Le Prince et la Princesse seem to me to be able to stand by themselves. The more recent and inferior Suite from "Lieutenant Kije" is on the reverse side.

Bartok's Two Rhapsodies for violin and orchestra (1928), well performed by Vardi and the New Symphony under Autori and Serly (Bartok), are examples of his harshly dissonant treatment of Hungarian folk material. The recorded sound is very sharp. Of the Deux Images for orchestra, well performed by the New Symphony under Serly (Bartok), No. 1 is luxuriantly atmospheric, except for a harshly dissonant episode, and in No. 2 dissonance achieves grotesquerie and grimness, with an episode of distorted lyricism. The recorded sound is a little edged.

The Concerto for string quartet and orchestra that Schönberg made out of Handel's Concerto Grosso Opus 6 No. 7 by reworking and elaborating its substance in his own terms, and that is performed by the Janssen Symphony (Columbia), will be acceptable only to those who accept Schönberg's other works; to my ears it is horrible.

Copland's Clarinet Concerto, well performed by Benny Goodman and an orchestra conducted by the composer (Columbia), seems no better to me than when I heard it on the air. The melodic progression of the first movement is, for me, arbitrary and not expressively meaningful; the jazz figures of the second movement add up to something fragmentary and dessicated. There are the same jazz figures and the same fragmentary and dessicated result in the second movement of the Quartet for piano and strings on the reverse side, played well by Horszowski, Schneider, Katims, and Miller; and in the first movement, in which Copland experiments with new techniques including that of the twelve-tone row, I hear much elaboration with little meaning; but the third movement has the impressive sustained sonorities of previous works, treated with more dissonance this time.

As for William Schuman's Symphony No. 3, recorded for Columbia by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra under the auspices of the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation, the arbitrary melodic progression of its themes and the elaborate construction in which they are involved are not expressively meaningful to my ears.

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Letters to the Editors

Apologists for Big Business From Pictures . . .

Dear Sirs: I was shocked by a film recently released by M-G-M called "Home Town Story." The film equates villainy with anti-company attitudes and attempts to establish this false relationship in the audience's mind.

At this crucial period in American history it is alarming that a large and influential motion-picture company should be so irresponsible as to present such a confusing and one-sided picture of labor-management relations.

Pasadena, Cal. DONALD F. KEYES

. . . to Professor

Dear Sirs: In a speech before a meeting of historians not long ago, Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University said it was about time American historians changed their tune. Since the United States had been accepted as the leader of the freedom-loving nations of the world against communism, he continued, past interpretations of our institutions and historic figures should be reconsidered.

In the cynical '20's and '30's our men of strength and stature were described as pigmies. The elder Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie . . . Henry Ford were treated as archetypes of greed . . . Historians have underestimated their constructive work. In future histories our industrial leaders will stand forth as the great builders of our industrial might.

Now every generation and epoch reevaluates the people and problems which make history. To the Elizabethans, for example, Niccolo Machiavelli was the devil—nicknamed "old Nick"; to the nineteenth-century statesman he was a "realist." It is true that reevaluation is necessary, provided, of course, that the object is not to distort history to fit a thesis which may exclude important facts.

Professor Nevins cites John D. Rockefeller as one of "our men of stature" who ought to be vindicated. But in the face of such studies as Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth" how can Rockefeller possibly be cleared of the charges against him?

If we are to polish up the tarnished armor of the American industrialist so that he can appear as the champion of democracy, we can't stop with whitewashing a handful of "robber barons." The great scandal during Grant's administration, Teapot Dome, and a host of others, including the unsightly mess exposed by the Kefauver committee, will have to be explained away.

This is hardly the time to launch a wholesale revision of American history. Let's wait until the hysteria which now grips a large segment of the American public subsides. Then in calmer days, when fewer pressures are put upon us to conform and to accept a single point of view, when honesty and forthrightness have once again become American attributes, we can reinterpret American history, not as an attempt to make America's past live up to its present responsibilties, but in the light of truth and honesty.

La Jolla, Cal. VICTOR S. YARROS

Reprint Request

Dear Sirs: The more I reread Robert S. Lynd's article Our "Racket" Society, which appeared in your August 25 issue, the more I am convinced it is "must" reading for all who are sincerely interested in the present condition of our country and its future. In fact, I am so intrigued with the article I should like to obtain reprints to distribute to my friends and colleagues.

HAROLD B. EHRLICH

New Brunswick, N. J.

Is Ryskind's Case Analogous?

Dear Sirs: In an editorial in your September 22 issue you stated: "Morris Ryskind . . . testified that to charge a person with writing un-American propaganda would have no effect on his earning capacity as a writer. . . . Let a series of witnesses, including Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz, make against Mr. Ryskind the kind of charges that were made against Mr. Lavery. If Ryskind could be persuaded to cooperate in the experiment, we are confident the results would refute his theory."

But over the years, it was not the men accused of un-American activities who lost out. Instead, it was the people of conscience. Morrie Ryskind has been kept out of the movie studios and his income drastically cut because he had the temerity to take the stand during the first Hollywood hearings in Washington. His testimony that there were Communists in the studios made him the object of a boycott. In short, after having been one of the highest-paid writers in Hollywood, he became an "unemployable." The men who were accused of un-Americanism continued to work.

New York RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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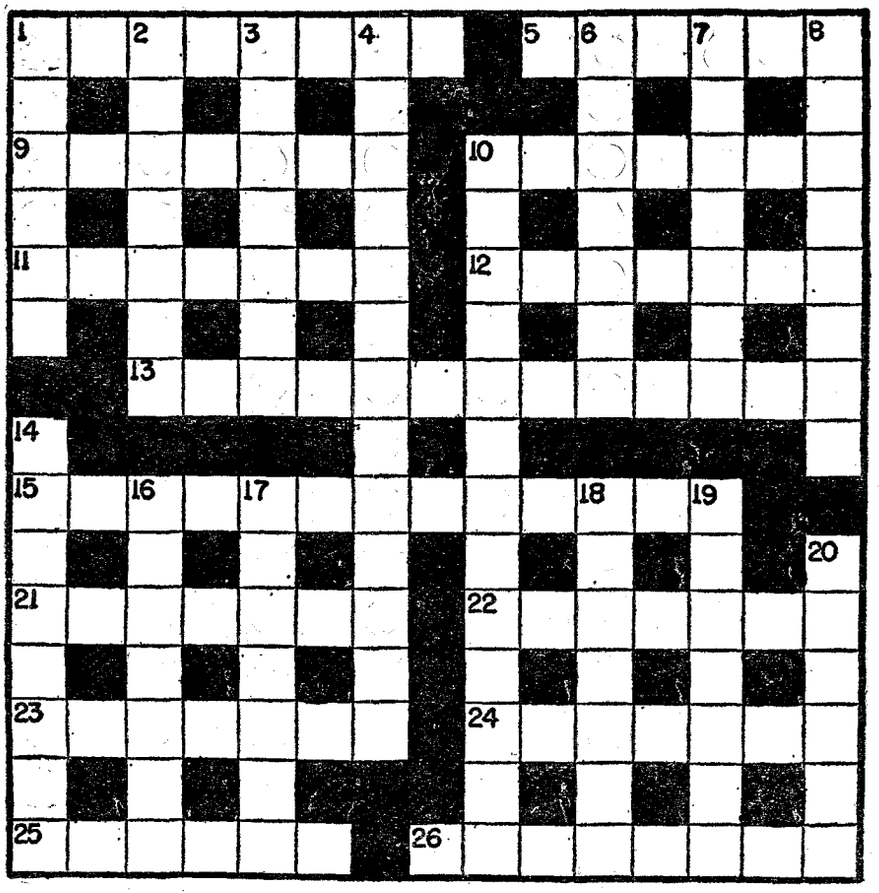
Crossword Puzzle No. 437

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Chopped horse-meat without a place for curing. (4, 4)
5 Seldom met with in anyone's car, certainly. (6)
9 Garland for a little fellow to rent? (7)
10 Marsupials start to cut back, and end up crazy! (7)
11 According to style? (7)
12 The place to find both kinds of little scions. (7)
13 Beach-sandal of snake-skin? (5, 8)
15 One might of Remington. (5, 3, 5)
21 He fires those who haven't yet produced. (7)
22 Wise men. (7)
23 There could be no 7 without them. (7)
24 What a cockney does on edge. (7)
25 See 7 down.
26 Wild beasts, so find protection. (8)

DOWN

1 The best part of a meal probably follows one. (6)
2 Found in the ranks of the Coast Guard? (7)
3 Stretch forth or keep back. (4, 3)
4 Promise Thomas a change for a change. (13)
6 Youthful tea gowns made of it? (7)
7 and 25 across. Proving paper can be saturated with condensation. (7, 6)
8 Trying to write like Bacon? (8)
10 They make the outlook brighter for a time. (6, 7)
14 Avoided. (8)
16 Believing there's nothing but mental anguish under it? (7)
17 Minotaur slayer, but not a singular example of this to me! (7)
18 Colts do in part (when rounded?). (7)
19 Freckle? (7)
20 Did these escorts own a house that caved in? (6)

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 436

ACROSS:—1 CHISHOLM TRAIL; 10 and 13 OUT TO LUNCH; 11 THROW OVER; 12 BANGALORE; 14 MAN-ABOUT-TOWN 19 MAD AS A HATTER; 22 ARLES; 24 STILL LIFE; 25 INTRUDING; 26 GRAPE; 27 OYSTER CRACKER.

DOWN:—2 HATING; 3 STOWAWAYS; 4 OSTEOPATH; 5 MERGE; 6 ROWEL; 7 INVENTOR; 8 BOBBY; 9 URCHINS; 15 OUTRIGGER; 16 THEOLOGIC; 17 AMHARIC; 18 IDOLATRY; 20 DILATE; 21 REFER; 23 SQUAT; 24 USHER.

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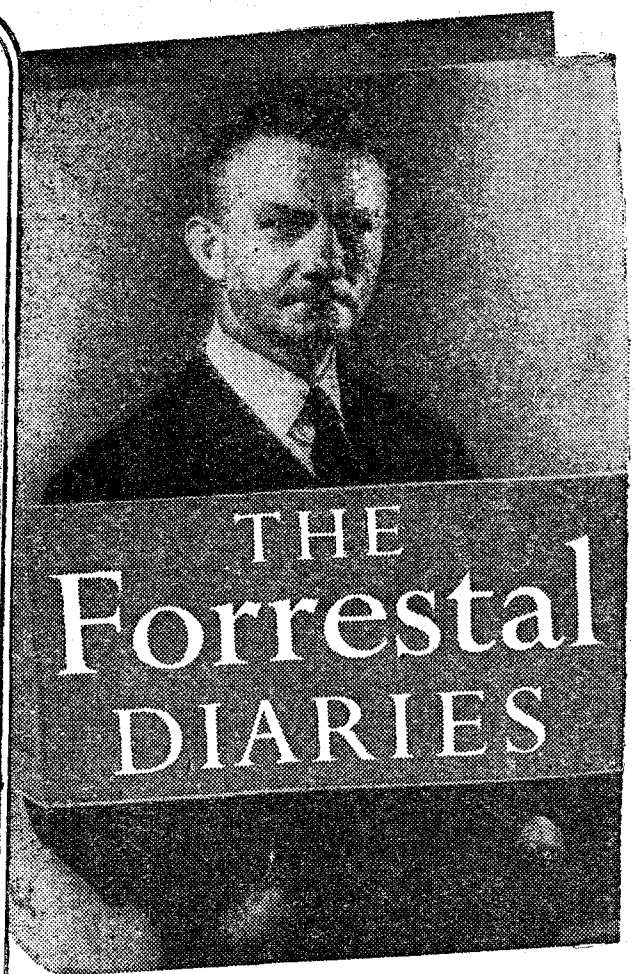

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